

I care, you see, Hugh!"

"I think you are all that is brave and true," he protested.

"I want you to believe," she went on, "that I knew you had done no murder. I saw an angel from heaven had come to tell me that I would not have believed it. I only want now to understand."

"What do you not understand?" he asked gently.

She half turned toward the door as she said, in a lower key: "After you had gone many things came back to me that seemed strange—something curious in your manner. You had not seemed wholly surprised when I told you you were accused. Why did you not open the cabin door and speak so low? Was there any one else there when I came?"

He averted his face, but he did not answer. She was treading on near ground.

"My horse came back this afternoon," she continued. "He had been hidden hard in the night, and his flanks were cut cruelly with a whip. You did not use him, but some one did."

She waited a moment. Still he made no reply.

"I want to ask you," she said abruptly, "do you know who killed Dr. Moreau?"

His blood chilled at the question. He looked down at her speechless. "You must let me speak," she said. "You won't answer that. Then you do know who really did it. Oh, I have thought so much since last night! For some reason you are shielding him. Was it the man who was in the cabin—who rode my horse? If he is guilty, why do you help him off and so make yourself partly guilty? The whole town believes you are guilty—I see it in all their faces. They are sorry, many of them, for they don't hate you as they did, but they think you did it—even Mr. Felder, though I have told him what I suspect and though he is working now to defend you!"

"Jessica," he urged, "you must trust me and have faith in me. I know it is hard, but I can't explain to you! I can't tell you yet—why I do as I am doing, but you must believe that I am right."

"You speak as if you were sorry for me," she said, "and not for yourself. Is it because you know you are not in real danger—that you know the truth must come out, only you can't tell it yourself or tell me either? Is that it?"

"It is not that, Jessica," he said gravely, "yet you must not fear for me—for my life. Try to believe me when I say that some time you will understand and know that I did only what I must."

"Will that be soon?" she asked.

"I think it may be soon," he answered.

Her face lighted. The puzzle and dread lifted. "Oh, then," she said, "oh, then, I shall not be afraid. I cannot share your thoughts nor your secret, and I must rebel at that. You mustn't blame me—I wouldn't be a woman if I did not—but I love you more than all the world, and I shall believe that you know best. Hugh," she added softly, "do you know that you haven't kissed me?"

Before her upturned, pleading eyes and trembling lips the iron of his purpose bent to the man in him, and he took her into his arms.

... ..

A frosty gloom was over the city of Winston, moon and stars hidden by a cloudy sky, from which a light snow, the first of the season, was sifting down. The streets were asleep. Only occasional related pedestrians were to be seen in the chilly air. These saw a man, his face muffled from the snowflakes, pass hurriedly toward the fountain square, from whose steeple 2 o'clock was just striking. The wayfarer skirted the square, keeping in cover of the buildings as though avoiding chance observation, till he stood on the pavement of a Gothic chapel fronting the open place.

On the night of his flight from Smoky Mountain, Hugh had ridden hard till dawn, abandoning the horse to find his way back as best it might. He had slept through the next day. For two days after his arrival he had hung about outside the town in a fever of impatience, for, though he had readily ascertained that the promises were unscrupled, the first night he had been frightened away by the too zealous scrutiny of a policeman, and on the next he had been unable to force the door. That morning he had secured a skeleton key, and now the weather was propitious for his purpose.

After a moment's reconnoitering he scaled the frost-fretted iron pallisade and gained the shelter of the porch. He tried the key anxiously. To his relief, it fitted. Another minute and he stood in the study, the door locked behind him, his veins beating with excitement.

Crouching down before the safe, he took from his pocket the paper upon which was written the combination.

The match scratched his fingers, and he lighted another and began to turn

"You speak as if you were sorry for me," she said, "and not for yourself."

The knob. The lock bore both figures and letters in concentric rings, and he saw that the seven figures Harry had written formed a word. Hugh dropped the match with a smothered exclamation, for the word was Jessica! So Harry really had loved her in the old days! He swung the massive door wide and took out the canvas bag with the thousand dollars. With this and the ruby ring—it must easily be worth as much again—he could put the round world between himself and capture.

He closed the safe and with the bag of coin in his hand groped his way to the door of the chapel. It was less dark there, for the snow was making a white night outside, and the stained glass east a wan glimmer across the aisles. He greatly needed sleep, and tonight in the open that was out of the question. He could gain several hours' rest where he was and still get away before daybreak. He drew together the altar cushions and lay down, the canvas bag beside him, but he was cold, and at length he rose and went into the vestry for a surplice. He wrapped this about him and, lighting a cigarette, lay down again. He was very tired, and in a few minutes he was sleeping heavily.

The last half consumed cigarette dropped from his relaxing fingers to the cushion, where it made a smoldering nest of fire. A tiny tongue of flame caught the edge of a wall hanging, ran up to the dry oaken rafters and speedily ignited them. In fifteen minutes the interior of the chapel was a mass of flame, and Hugh woke gasping and bewildered.

With a cry of alarm he sprang to his feet, seized the bag of coin and ran to the door of the study. In his haste he stumbled against it, and the dead lock snapped to. He was a prisoner now, for he had left the skeleton key in the inside of the outer door. Clutching his treasure, he ran to the main entrance. It was fast. He tried the smaller windows. Iron bars were set across them.

He made shift to wrap the surplice about his mouth against the stifling smoke and fiery vapors. The bag dropped from his hand, and the gold rolled about the floor. He stooped and clutched a handful of the coins and crammed them into his pocket. Was he to die, after all, like this, caught like a rat in a trap?

Uttering a hoarse cry, with the strength of despair, Hugh wrenched a pew from the floor and made of it a ladder to reach the rose window. Mounting this, he beat frantically with his fist upon the painted glass. The crystal shivered beneath the blows, and clinging to the iron supports, his beard burned to the skin, he set his face to the aperture and drew a gulping breath of the sweet, cold air. In his agony, with that fiery hell opening beneath him, he could see the massed people watching from the safety that was so near.

"Look! Look!" The sudden cry went up, and a thrill of awe ran through the crowd. The glass Hugh had shattered had formed the face of the penitent thief in the window design, and his outstretched arms fitted those of the figure. It was as though by some ghastly miracle the painted features had suddenly sprung into life, the haggard eyes opened in appeal.

All at once there came a shout of warning. The wall opened outward, tottered and fell.

Then it was that they saw the writhing figure, tangled in the twisted lead bars of the wrecked rose window. Shielding their faces from the unendurable heat, they reached and bore it to safety, laying it on the crisp, snowy grass and tearing off the singed and smoking ministerial robes.

Judge Conwell was one of these. In the flaring confusion he leaned over the figure. The gleam of the ruby ring on the finger caught his eye. He bent forward to look into the drawn and distorted face.

"Good God!" he said. "It's Harry Sanderson!"

... ..

Chapter 27

IN communities such as Smoky Mountain the law moves with fatal rapidity. Harry had been formally arraigned the second morning after his self-surrender and had pleaded not guilty. The grand jury was in session—indeed, had about finished its labors—and there had been no reason for delay. All necessary witnesses for the state were on the ground, and Felder for his part had no others to summon. So that when Dr. Brent one keen forenoon swung himself off a Pullman at the station, returning from his ten days' absence, he found the town thrilling with the excitement of the first day of the trial. Before he left the station he had learned of Prendergast's death and accident and knew that Tom Felder had come to the prisoner's defense. Dr. Brent had taken to stock

in the young lawyer's view of Hugh Stiles.

He betook himself to the filled courtroom. The court had opened two hours before and half the jury had been selected. His attention was given first to the bench where the prisoner sat and second to a chair close to the railing beside Mrs. Halloran's, where a girl's face glimmered palely under a light veil.

Toward this chair the hundreds of eyes in the room that morning had often turned. Since the day Mrs. Halloran had surprised Jessica at work upon the rock statue she had kept her counsel; but, as the physician had conjectured, the monument had been stumbled upon and had drawn curious visitors. Thus the name on the grave had become common property and the coincidence had been chattered of. That Jessica had chiseled the statue was not doubted. She had bought the tools in town, and old Paddy Wise, the blacksmith, had sharpened them for her. The story Prendergast had told in the general store, too, had not been forgotten, and the old she had given the fever-stricken man had acquired a new significance in face of the knowledge that she had more than once been admitted to the jail with Felder. From the moment of the opening of the trial Jessica had divided interest with the prisoner.

(To be continued.)

After Florida Real Estate

A distinguished visitor spent a few days at Estero this week. He is Senor Sario, a native of Cuba, and has control of a large estate there. He was educated in two American colleges and is an accomplished lawyer. For several years he has been chiefly engaged in recovering, through our United States Courts, about one million, two hundred thousand acres of choice lands in Franklin, Wakulla and Jefferson counties, Florida. These lands contain numerous towns, villages, plantations, ranches, farms and fruit groves and are very valuable. They have a strange and interesting history.

About 1745, the Seminole Indians called a large convention of their people. The leader admitted that the spoliation of Spanish property had been very great, and as a peaceful settlement of all damage therefor, they decided these lands in fee simple to certain Spaniards, and the original title deeds were recorded in Spain, while copies were recorded at the proper places in Florida. After the Seminole war and the treaty with the Seminoles, the government practically confiscated those lands and held them open for occupation and entry in the land office by settlers. This, as is alleged, was a wrongful act on the part of the government, and therefore the statutes of limitation did not run against the real owners of these lands for the law prohibits both governments and natural persons from taking advantage of their own wrong for their own benefit.

Mr. Sario brought suit in the name of one of the foreign Spanish heirs and won the suit in the lower court. The occupants of the land appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court, where the case is now pending. Mr. Sario lately made his argument before the U. S. Supreme Court, and Mr. Choate of N. Y., will make the closing argument for the heirs. Should the Supreme Court reverse the first decision, Mr. Sario will take the matter to the Hague Tribunal. He contemplated this possibility when he brought suit in the name of a foreign heir, rather than in the name of one of the resident heirs in Florida, New York or Philadelphia.

Our government is notoriously slow in parting with anything to foreign claimants, but in this case both law and facts seem to clearly indicate that the plaintiffs should recover the lands. A proposition has been made by Mr. Sario on behalf of the heirs, by which the occupants may pay for the lands in easy installments, which in most instances will lighten the hardship. Besides, the government will doubtless have to refund to the occupants the price originally paid for the land by the settlers, with interest.—W. L. Church in American Eagle of Nov. 26.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR CROUPS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

Safe and reliable, they cure nervous weakness, increase vigor, banish pain. No remedy equals Dr. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS Sold by Druggists and Dr. Mott Chemical Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Overworked Elocutionist

Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robert Reece, And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece. So many poems thus he learned, that soon he had a store Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.

And now this is what happened: He was called upon one week, And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak! His brain he cudgelled. Not a word remained within his head! And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:

"My Beautiful, my Beautiful, who standest by, It was the schooner Hesperus—the breaking waves dashed high! Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome? Under the spreading chestnut tree there is no place like home!

When Freedom from the mountain height cried, Twinkle little star, Shoot if you must this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre! Roll on thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills, ring out, wild bells!

If you're walking, call me early, to be or not to be, The curfew must not ring tonight! Oh, woodman, spare that tree! Charge, Chester, charge! On Stanley, on! And let who will be clever The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on forever!"

His elocution was superb, his voice and gesture fine; His schoolmates all applauded as he finished the last line, "I see it doesn't matter," Robert thought, "what words I say, So long as I declaim with oratorical display!"

—St. Nicholas.

Paper From Cornstalks

Says the Scientific American: "The chemists of the United States department of agriculture have at last solved the problem of how to turn into paper the millions of tons of cornstalks wasted annually. After years of experiment the department now reports that the vast quantity of material heretofore considered valueless and destroyed every year by the farmers of the country can be utilized, thus saving much of the remaining wood reserve of the United States, and bringing about the manufacture of paper from an annual crop. The first practical samples of this new paper were manufactured in Washington, and consist of five grades in five colors.

"One grade is dark gray, thick and heavy, resembling parchment. There is a lighter gray of the same character, two shades of yellow and one of white. The latter are manufactured from the hard outside part of the cornstalk, and the former from the interior or the pith. The yellow grades have much longer fiber, and resemble paper made from cotton rags or linen, being soft to the touch and pliable and appealing to have been made from material of entirely different character from that used in the gray product.

"In the process of the experiments which resulted so successfully, the soda cooked method was employed. This process many manufacturers of paper have found to be the best treatment for the finer grades of wood pulp paper. The cornstalk pulp can be cooked in from two to two and one-half hours, as against twelve to fourteen hours needed in treating wood. Even at the present primitive stage of experimentation, cornstalk paper can be made almost as cheaply as wood pulp paper.

"The belief is freely expressed by the scientists who have been conducting these experiments that when proper machinery is brought out, and the farmers grow cornstalks in localities where they can be moved cheaply to the mill, the cost will be fully 50 per cent less than paper now manufactured from wood. No special growth of corn is required."

Maybe Uncle Joe is only blowing smoke in the faces of the tariff revisionists.

Mr. Rockefeller is now convinced that the course of Trust oil never did run smooth.

Count Boni cannot avoid taking as much interest in the Gonids as if he were still one of the family.

Mr. Carnegie speaks with the calm confidence of the man who has something saved up for a rainy day.

Speaking of the signs of the time, look at Mr. Carnegie, tariff reformer,

TIME TRIED AND FIRE TESTED

THE First National Bank of Arcadia

With Capital of \$30,000 and
Surplus of \$30,100.

DEPOSITS OF OVER A QUARTER OF A MILLION

Solicits the business of the people
of DeSoto County

Gives prompt and careful attention
to all business intrusted
to it

Sells money orders to any point
in the United States

Has a Savings Department, paying
interest on deposit

Safe deposit boxes for rent, \$3
per year

T. B. KING, J. G. KING,
PRESIDENT CASHIER

Notice

STATE OF FLORIDA,
COUNTY OF DE SOTO.

Notice is hereby given in conformity with Section 649, General Statutes of Florida, that we, the undersigned, intend to apply to His Excellency, N. B. Broward, Governor of the State of Florida, at Tallahassee, Florida, on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1908, or as soon thereafter as we can be heard, for Letters Patent to be issued to The Glen Turpentine Company, of which Corporation the following shall be the Articles of Incorporation.

W. B. YOUNG,
GEORGE R. BURTON,
S. A. GAINER.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION OF THE GLEN
TURPENTINE COMPANY

We, the undersigned, have associated ourselves and do hereby become associated for the purpose of forming ourselves into a body corporate, under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Florida, as prescribed by the General Statutes of Florida, A. D. 1906, Section 2643 to 2692, and amendments thereto inclusive, providing for the formation, management, liabilities, and limitations of Corporations, and we do adopt the following Articles of Incorporation:

Article One.

The name of this Corporation is The Glen Turpentine Company, and its principal place of business is Glen, County of DeSoto, in the State of Florida; the Directors may establish other places of business when and where they deem it expedient so to do.

Article Two.

The general nature of the business to be carried on by this Corporation is to extract and manufacture turpentine, rosin and all kinds of naval stores from pine tree gum, from growing timber, and also from pine trees and pine wood, by any process; to operate stills and machinery for the manufacture of naval stores and naval store products; to deal in and distill, purify, refine and rectify turpentine and other pine tree products for its own account, and on commission or other compensation; to erect and maintain tanks and warehouses for the storage of turpentine and other products; to buy, sell, lease and mortgage lands and timber, and further to do all acts and things which may be deemed necessary and proper, or which the Directors may deem advisable or expedient to be done in the transaction of its business as a Naval Stores Company.

Article Three.

The capital stock of said Corporation is Fifteen Thousand Dollars (\$15,000.00), divided into one hundred and fifty shares of the par value of One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00) each, said shares to be paid for in cash and in lands and in other property, jointly owned by the undersigned, at a valuation to be fixed by the Directors.

Article Four.

This Corporation shall continue to exist for a term of ninety-nine (99) years from the date of Letters Patent issued thereto.

Article Five.

The business of said Corporation shall be conducted by a President, a Vice President, a Secretary and Treasurer and a Board of Directors. The stockholders at their first meeting, which shall be held on the 15th day of January, 1909, and annually thereafter on the 15th day of January, shall elect not less than three nor more than five of their number as Directors. The other officers shall be chosen by the Board of Directors upon the same day, namely: The 15th day of January of each and every year.

The business of this Corporation shall be conducted until the first election of officers by the following persons, who shall constitute the first Board of Directors:

W. B. Young, President.
George R. Burton, Vice President.
S. A. Gainer, Secretary and Treasurer.

Article Six.

The highest amount of indebtedness or liability to which the said Corporation can at any one time, subject itself is Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000.00).

Article Seven.

The names and residences of the subscribers hereto, and the amount of stock subscribed for by them severally, are as follows:

Subscriber.	Residence.	Amount of Stock.
W. B. Young.	Glen, Florida.	Fifty shares.
George R. Burton.	McHenry, Mississippi.	Fifty shares.
S. A. Gainer.	Glen, Florida.	Fifty shares.
W. B. Young	(SEAL)	
Geo. R. Burton	(SEAL)	
S. A. Gainer	(SEAL)	

STATE OF FLORIDA,
COUNTY OF DE SOTO.

Personally appeared before me Leon A. Stroud, a Notary Public for the State of Florida, W. B. Young and S. A. Gainer, to me personally known to be the persons described in and who executed the foregoing Articles of Incorporation, and acknowledged that they executed the same for the purposes therein expressed.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 7th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Notary Seal) Notary Public

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI,
COUNTY OF HARRISON.

Personally appeared before me H. B. Bestwick, a Notary Public for the State of Mississippi, George R. Burton, to me personally known to be the person described in and who executed the foregoing Articles of Incorporation, and acknowledged that he executed the same for the purpose therein expressed.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 12th day of November, A. D. 1908.

(Notary Seal) Notary Public

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

are unequalled in cases of weak back, back ache, inflammation of the bladder, rheumatic pains, and all urinary disorders. They are antiseptic and act promptly. Every case of kidney or bladder trouble should be attended to at once, and the aches in the back, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, etc., are warning signs. Don't delay, for delays are dangerous. Get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Regular size 50c, Sold by Harry Cross.